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Princess Of Death



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Chapter 1 by EvilDisney

It had been years since Adreanna had been able to hold a sword, yet she had still been able to defeat her teacher. The young princess had loved fighting since a young age and was now deathly with a weapon.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



But when it came to archery? Her teacher joked that she was the worst in all the kingdom. Well, it would be a joke had it not been true, Adreanna begrudgingly admitted. No matter her skill with the sword, stepping onto the archery field filled her head with a fear like no other.

Chapter 3 by Jen



That fear of focussing on a point far away and be deadly accurate. The fear of becoming the best fighter and making my father the king proud. It is way too much these last years, the love of becoming the 'best of the best' faded, slowly but steadily. And it is awful because fighting is and was my whole life, I love it with all my heart and desire.

But that awful dream, filled my heart with fear, fear of becoming the monster I see in my dream.

Yes it is an awful, always recurring, nightmare. In my dream I'm the best fighter in this world and probably beyond. But I'm not happy, I'm not loved and I become ruthless. At the end of a fight in the arena, I look around to all the spectators of the fight and when my eyes focused on him, I will smile and give him the most evil

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smile I have ever seen. And then the unthinkable happens, in one flawless move with no remorse at all, I kill my opponent.

Bading in sweat I awake in fear, fear of the monster I see in my dream. Then I notice a shadow at the end of my bed, in panic I'm rubbing my eyes to see clearer. But the shadow didn't disappear. I hear a creaking voice say: "You're mine now princess of death".

[love]

Chapter 4 by [BLDE_79] LeMaironi- merry chrysler



The shadow settled into its normal shape after it had taken its toll on me.

Maybe it's just synæsthesia, but fighting never sounded to me like it should. My auditory sense always associated it with flying. I loved sparring the travelers, especially the ones from nearby Kæghen (They always insist it's pronounced "kay an," we pick on them by calling it "keegan." You choose what to call it.) I liked the Kæghic polearm, the gythka. It's not easy to split, but it has a flaw against a sword in that the swordsperson can dual wield. I went down to the tavern to clear my head and see if anyone was willing. I pulled out my favorite tachi (a japanese sword), which had my name engraved by the one who forged it for me.

After some time fighting the regulars from Kæghen, I decided to see if anyone could teach me how to block an arrow with a blade. If I was not going to be an archer, I may as well have a defense against one. There was an apothecary, but that would mean I have to stock up on invincibility or defense elixirs before every battle. That would be cheating in a spar. There was my original mentor. Keyword was. He kicked me out once I got to the level I'm at.

I sent a flyer.

"Looking for someone who can teach advanced skill sets to a skilled swordswoman. Pay one hundred gold bars per week."

To give an idea how high that is, the standard tutor's pay is forty

I swear the entire walk home I swayed from side to side, as if I had been hit from this morning.

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